The New Northwest.

FRIDAY........................AUGUST 18, 1871.

To Will.

BY KAY ESS.

The story is old, but I loved you, dear Will,
In the days that forever are gone,
With a love that was pure as the seraphims have
In their home lying east of the dawn.
But you found one you deemed far less humble than I,
And you chose her your life-mate to be—
Oh, could I but know all your heart-void was filled?
It would bring a sweet rest unto me.

I'm no longer the shy, bonny girl as of yore,
When the future I dreamed was so bright,
For silver is mixed with my yellow-brown hair,
And my eyes have a shadowy light.
Ah! well, perhaps it were better far so,
For 'tis sinful earth-idols to make,
And what matters it not what the Upas her drips
Has mixed with the draughts I must take.

But to-night, as I sit in my low rocking-chair,
Looking dreamily out o'er the lea,
A tangible something seems floating this way,
And a presence I feel and can see.
Oh, "just for to-night" let me lean on your breast
My head, that with grief is bowed low!
For I can but believe that this phantom is real,
In the light streaming in o'er the snow.

Ah! there, now the years have gone silently back,
And I'm standing in youth's sunny ray,
At the garden-gate, waiting you kiss me "once more,"
In your boyish, yet impassionate, way.
How the tears of deep happiness come to my eyes!
And my heart's keeping still in my bliss,
For even a pulse-throb might summon the years
That had in them no heaven like this.

But, alas! darling Will, there's a sound in my ears,
Like the tones of some far distant bell;
And there falls on my form such a desolate chill,
That the weird wind seems chanting, "Farewell."
Ah! the moon-rays no longer shine over the sill,
And the dawn's creeping up cold and gray—
I shudder and faint at my weakness and sin,
And tremblingly kneel me to pray.

JUDITH REID;
A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XVI.

In the quiet grave they made him beside my mother and near my child my father long has slept. The deep injury to myself of which he confessed himself guilty but a short time before his death, left my mind in a maze of conflicting emotions.

There I was, bound for life by a distasteful union to a man for whom my soul felt intense loathing, and this, too, through the unwarranted cupidity and duplicity of my misguided father.

"Oh! I loathe these bonds!" my spirit would often wail; but I saw no possibility of relief or loophole for escape from a bondage far more fearful than the bondage of death.

For a year after my father's decease I kept on with my school, my health gradually failing as my labors increased, until my daily life seemed a lingering suicide.

My children gradually grew up from babyhood, and my family cares were consequently lessened. John ceased to exercise control over my earnings, and I gradually added many embellishments to our rude cabin home, which rendered the place more attractive.

My brother had finished a college course and was installed in one of the northwestern cities in a lucrative practice in his chosen profession. Sometimes he would spend a summer vacation of a month or so in our log-cabin, for the purpose of resting from his labors and being fed and waited upon by myself during the "recruiting season," but he never for one moment considered that I, too, needed vacation. Often when I looked at his stalwart frame and handsome features did I mentally compare his lot of ease, both of mind and body, with my own routine of physical and brain-wearing exertion. But no one noticed this except myself; so I worked on, taught on, struggled on, until it seemed that a day of rest would never come.

John Smith, my natural protector(!), saw such constant need of my protracted exertions in teaching school that he grew morose and melancholy whenever school was closed for a week. He interested himself every week in examining the exact state of my finances, but utterly failed to see the necessity of earning anything for himself.

Business was thus going on, my strength daily failing and my life apparently drifting away through excess of work, when one day a stranger with heavy beard, broad shoulders, grey hair and shaggy eye-brows, presented himself at the school room door. The room was crowded with students, and the miserable, misty rain was falling in a doleful way, while the damp air chilled my vitals whenever I came in contact with its vapor-laden currents. Dread of the advent of a stranger who would expect food and lodging was the only emotion which the stranger's advent excited. Motioning him forward among the restless and curious children, I gave him my seat near the rusty stove, where a fire of wet logs was vainly endeavoring to warm and dry itself into a feeble blaze.

After a few unsuccessful attempts to renew the fire I gave up in despair, my strength having utterly failed to accomplish the disagreeable task. The stranger spoke cheerfully and in a voice that sounded strangely familiar, and asked if I would allow him to build the fire.

"Certainly," was the reply, "and I am very glad of the assistance."

Leisurely taking a large knife from his capacious pocket, he began cutting splints from the sodden wood.

"Have you no dry wood, madam?" was his kind inquiry.

"No, sir."

It was all I could say. When it was raining John Smith couldn't very well build a wood-shed, and when it was dry weather we didn't need it; at least so my lord and master argued, and so from year to year we did without this indispensable convenience in all rainy seasons.

"Are you a widow, ma'am?"

"No, sir," was the curt response; "and now, as the classes for the afternoon are not yet through with their recitations, you will please make yourself comfortable while I finish up my work."

"Certainly, madam; I do not wish to intrude," was the courteous rejoinder, and I proceeded with my business.

One by one the classes were dismissed, and I mechanically proceeded with my work, casting frequent, furtive looks at the strange visitor, feeling the while an unaccountable presentiment that something unusual would come of his visit.

Finally the last class was dismissed, the last "good-night" was lisped by little prattlers, and I looked out in the mist and watched the children, wondering to myself if this state of struggling and overwork could last much longer. Turning wearily, I encountered the earnest gaze of my strange visitor, and recognized my old friend and benefactor, Dr. Armstrong. The now red-hot stove, the dusty benches and the muddy floor began to move in mazy circles, and I would have fallen prostrate had it not been for the strong arm of my friend, who caught me ere I fell and ordered Minnie to bring me water. Tenderly and soothingly he talked, calling me Judith in the familiar manner of the olden time, and stroking my now wrinkled brow with his broad, warm hand. Soon I was composed enough to talk.

"Oh! Doctor," said I helplessly, "have you come to see me die?"

"I've come to make you well, I trust," he said, with tender tone and respectful deference, such as men, in all my previous married life, had never before addressed me.

"Where is your husband, Judith," was his next question.

"Father's gone a-hunting as usual," said sturdy little Ben. "But's it's no difference; mother don't have to cook for him if he ain't at home, and I don't care if he stays six months."

"Hush, Bennie dear," was winsome Minnie's caution, but the child would have his say.

"I'll be a big man after awhile, and then I'll teach school and let mother tie a wet towel around her head and lie down and rest."

Poor child! His highest ambition for his mother was to see her constantly enjoy the only recreation he had ever seen her take—a recreation which would indeed have often been a welcome respite from my constant toil.

The doctor bore me in his arms to the sitting room, and placing me on the lounge, commanded me to remain there. Then, with the aid of the children, he built a fire in the huge fire place, and another in the kitchen stove, and in an hour a hot meal was served, and I was called up by the children to the first meal that had ever been prepared in my house without my own help since my marriage, if I was able to sit at the table.

A mysterious understanding seemed intuitively established between my children and the doctor. I was too languid to talk, and felt in no haste to ask or answer questions.

Supper being over, I was remanded back to the lounge, where I lay in a sort of dreamy semi-consciousness until my guest had assisted the children to milk the cows and prepare the next day's fire-wood. This was work that, to do my husband justice, he always did when at home; but as he regularly went on hunting excursions, which kept him away from home for days in succession, during that time I was of course compelled to do the numerous chores which are so necessary upon a farm.

At an early hour the tired children retired to their beds, and I, refreshed by the unwonted rest, arose from the lounge, drew the old arm-chair that had been my father's before the blazing fire, and seating myself languidly, awaited further conversation.

"Judith," began the doctor, "you're a quaint and curious woman; quite as quaint and curious as you were twenty-five or thirty years ago. Do you remember a conversation I had with you long ago, when you declared vehemently that you wished you were a man?"

"Oh, doctor, that was so long ago! It seems to me that I have lived long enough to be one hundred years old. My way of life has been so dark and lonely! If it were not for my children I'd welcome death, I'm sure."

"Tut, tut, nonsense!" was the quick reply; but I thought there were tears in the gruff voice, and there was certainly a beaming kindness in the shaggy eyes of my dear old friend.

"Judith, you have not told me one word about your father and mother, or any of your friends. Why do you not speak of them?"

"Oh, doctor, so many conflicting memories have been awakened by your visit that I have not thought coherently of anything. It seems as if I cannot talk."

"Well, never mind, dear Judith. Do not talk. I have heard the whole story. I called at the gossiping neighbors' houses on the way and learned all there was to tell; but I didn't expect from what I heard that I would find you over-worked and sick. The neighbors told me that you were ambitious, masculine and shrewd. They gave glowing accounts of your achievements in school-teaching, but they didn't hint that you were sick. How long have you been ailing thus?" taking my hand and examining my pulse with genuine solicitude.

I don't know that I have felt any stronger for a number of years; but I lately suffer more acute pain than usual."

"I should think so! I should think so!" repeated he with emphasis. "Judith, child, you're dying upon your feet. This school business must be discontinued to-morrow."

"Oh, Doctor, I couldn't think of it! John wouldn't know how to live if I should abandon teaching."

"No more nonsense, Judith Reid."

How sweet that old name sounded my pen can never express. I never could bear the name of Smith, and that my sons were to be compelled to bear that name all their life had been to me a real grievance. Not but that the name was well enough if it had been a name at all, but it was so "common" that there was little more distinction in it than though the cognomen had been the pronoun it or a "he" or "she." When a woman loves her husband she is sure to love his name. When she can barely endure the bonds a common-place, insipid name is a constant humiliation.

"Your husband is well and strong?" inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Then set him to work!"

"How can I, Doctor? Thousands of dollars of debt are hanging over his head. He cannot own property in his own name, and the humiliation of living with his wife, as he expresses it, has broken his spirit, and he has no ambition. I'm sure I don't know what to do with him."

"Well, cheer up, my child! To-morrow you shall play sick, and I'll dismiss that school and chop the desks into kindling wood. You need it, Heaven knows! Not another word! You'll not talk any more to-night! Give me a light and I'll go to my room."

The room in question was reached by a ladder leading through an opening in the "loft" to a sort of chamber overhead. That ladder had been my aversion for many a weary day, but John was satisfied with it and my means were too limited to hire a carpenter to build a flight of stairs, which my protector(?) might have built himself, if willing.

Long after Dr. Armstrong had retired I sat in the rough arm-chair, gazing dreamily into the smouldering embers, and engaged in thinking, thinking, thinking.

Gradually a mellow light beamed forth from one of the curtained windows, and a pale face with long white beard and beaming, beautiful eyes stood out in bold relief upon the airy canvass.

"O, William! tell me is it you?" I said beseechingly, but once more while I gazed the vision vanished, and that sweet and solemn promise, "I'll explain," attuned itself to melody.

(To be continued.)

SPECTACLES.—The following is from *Once a Week*: Spectacles are worn by so many people now-a-days, that we are often inclined to wonder how former generations managed to get on without them before they were invented. The old Greeks and Romans do not seem to have known the luxury; but then, perhaps, their eyes were better than those of the present short-sighted race of mortals. One thing, they had not so many newspapers to trouble them as we have. But spectacles, after all, are not such a recent invention as might, perhaps, be thought. They did not come into use in Europe until about the year 1300, but they are of unfathomable antiquity in China—not, indeed, of glass, but of rock crystal. We affect to despise the humble efforts of the untutored Esquimaux, but even they have had a sort of spectacle of their own, long before they ever had an opportunity of seeing any from other lands. They are ignorant of the manufacture of glass, or even of pottery—and they, therefore, cannot construct a lens; but they have constructed an instrument of wood and bone—an eye shade—which is not only a protection to the visual organs, but assists the visual power of the eyes. The Esquimaux term it "*ittee yaga*"—"far sight"—the very synonym of our word telescope.

A STATUE TO ALICE CARY.—Sorosis, the Woman's Club of New York, has started a movement for the erection of a statue to Alice Cary in Central Park, New York. The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, in mentioning the fact, states that "Miss Cary was as far as possible removed, both in her writings and pure womanly nature, from the unfeminine sisters of the discontented woman's movement." We beg leave to correct the *Inquirer* by stating that Miss Cary was identified among the first and foremost of the "unfeminine sisters." She was a member of Sorosis from its earliest organization. She was the real working editor of the *Revolution*, the ultra woman's rights organ of New York City, until her health compelled her to cease her labors. She left an unfinished story in that paper, entitled "The Born Thrall," taking the most radical grounds. Nevertheless, we unite with the *Inquirer* in saying that "she deserves—not from the champions of woman's rights, [alone,] but from all lovers of the good, and true, and beautiful in woman's nature, from all who have faith in what is best and purest in both men and women—a memorial in bronze or marble.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A fatal accident happened on Leading creek last week, which is a sad warning to those who are in the habit of playing jokes on children. The facts are as my informant stated them: A Captain Ford, of Barbour County, happened near Mr. Jesse Hornett's home with a panther-skin, and seeing a little boy, about twelve or fourteen years of age, a son of Mr. Hornett, in a skirt of woods near the house, donned the skin with the intention of frightening the little fellow, but as soon as the boy saw what he supposed to be a panther, he ran to the house and got his fathers rifle, and went in pursuit of the panther. He did not have to go far before he espied him. The boy rested his rifle on a fence and fired. The man-panther gave a dying shriek, and with a convulsive spasm, fell over mortally wounded. The little fellow did not see his mistake until he went up to the wounded man. Ford lingered for two days, and then died.—*Laramie Sentinel.*

Nilsson seems to be ambitious of learning everything and of distinguishing herself in other things than on the stage. It is said she performed the *role* of gunner on the day of the regatta, both on board the quarantine steamer, the Fletcher, when saluting the yachts as they passed, and afterward at Fort Hamilton in firing off one of the immense guns there.

THE SPAWN OF FISH.—Some fish deposit their eggs on stones, brush, or aquatic plants, the ova adhering by a glutinous substance which surrounds them. Others, as the salmon family, excavate their nests on gravelly beds in running water, cover their spawn, and leave it to the care of mother nature. Some, such as the stickleback, the sunfish, the black bass, and others of the perch family, build nests and stand guard over them. Others, including some species of Sillundæ, known as catfish, have a parental care for their young, and lead them about as a hen does her chickens.

The time occupied in hatching the spawn of the salmon requires from 40 to over 200 days, according to the temperature of the water; while the spawn of the shad in water at 75 degrees hatches in 52 to 60 hours. The number of eggs produced by different species vary as widely as the period of incubation. A salmon of 10 pounds only gives 10,000 to each pound of its weight; while a good-sized codfish gives 1,000,000, a herring 40,000 to 50,000, and a five-pound shad 100,000. But a small per centage of ova produces fish, as it is food for fishes and other aquatic animals. If all the eggs produced were hatched, and the fry arrived at mature age, seas, rivers and lakes would be so full of fish that they could not be navigated.

SALT FOR THE CORN-GRUB.—The corn crop has several formidable enemies to contend with, and among them is the grub, which sometimes literally destroys whole fields, or damages the crop seriously. One of the best and most convenient remedies—perhaps the very best ever suggested—is the application of salt as soon as the plant makes its appearance above ground, prepared and used in this way: Take one part common salt and three parts plaster or gypsum, and apply about a tablespoonful around each hill, It will be found a sure protection. The mixture should not come in contact with the young plants, as it may destroy them. The method has been tried over and over again by some of the best farmers of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, and when properly applied has never failed to be perfectly successful. We hope our farmers, who have reason to fear the depredations of the grub, the present season, will try the mixture, leaving a few alternate rows of corn without the salt, and communicate to us the result. The application also acts as a first-rate fertilizer and will more than pay for itself in benefitting the crop.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A GREAT CHEESE FACTORY.—The Wells (Minnesota) *Atlas* gives an account of the cheese factory at that place, which, it says, is the largest of the kind in the United States—it is of 3,000 cow power, and it now using the produce of 225 cows. The main building is of brick, 35 by 82, three stories high, with a wing 20 by 35, and is complete in all its arrangements. A 24-horse-power steam engine drives the machinery, and the water is supplied in every part of the building from an artesian well. The manufacturing room contains 32 presses, and three vats, holding 860 gallons each, and an aretic cooler. There is also a butter room, with every necessary oppliance, An experienced Vermont dairyman superintends the business. The factory is located in the center of Col. Thompson's 1,200 acre farm, on which the stock of cows is to be immediately increased to 600. Nine cents per gallon is paid for milk.

A Missouri journal relates that a few days since, Mr. Gideon Haynes, his wife and little boy, went out to gather some blue grass seed, and while engaged in gathering the seed, a swarm of bees alighted upon the boy, literally covering him from head to foot. They hung from his ears, chin and nose in great bunches, and clung in thick clusters on every part of his body. Mr. Haynes realizing the dangerous situation in which his child was placed, commanded him to stand perfectly still and if possible not to move a muscle. This the brave little fellow did until the bees had all settled. Mr. Haynes then took a stick, gently lifted the boys hat from his head, and placed it upon a neighbor's bush, when the entire swarm left their extraordinary place, and took to the hat and the bush. Strange to relate, the boy received only one sting, and that was caused by his seizing with his teeth a bee that was trying to make its way into his mouth.

CANCERS CURED.—An alleged discovery of a cure for cancer from a specific derived from a plant which grows in Equador is exciting much interest in medical circles. A curious story is told of the manner in which the anti-cancer virtues of this plant were first discovered. For a long time previous to this discovery the plant had been regarded as a poison. Acting upon this belief, an Equador wife who desired to rid herself of her husband gave him a decoction of this plant in his drink. The fellow was already slowly dying of a cancer in his stomach, but her eagerness could not wait for the ordinary sequel in such cases. She applied the noxious distillation to his drink and waited to see him fall at her feet. But instead of that the happy husband survived. The subtle essence benefitted his cancer, and the fellow finally recovered from his disease to make known the blessing to the world.

CHARLOTTE V. HUTCHINGS.—It is rare that one has the opportunity of being the first to do a creditable thing. The world has grown so mature that "there is nothing new under the sun"—almost. However, the lady whose name heads this article, is the first in this country to wield the baton as a conductor of music. For the past two years she has been conducting, part of the time for the Madrigal Society and for most of it at the Normal College, where she has a chorus of 1,100 young ladies. Besides this gift she is still better known as a vocalist of marked dramatic power, while the few compositions which he has given to the public show considerable merit.

DYSPEPSIA AND VINEGAR.—As soon as food reaches the stomach of a hungry, healthy man, it pours out a fluid substance, called gastric juice, as instantly as the eye yields water, if it is touched by anything hard; this gastric juice dissolves the food from without inward, as lumps of ice in a glass of water are melted from without inward. If from any cause the food is not thus melted or dissolved, that is indigestion or dyspepsia. Vinegar, in its action on food, is more nearly like the gastric juice than any other fluid known; thus it is that a pickle or a little vinegar will "settle the stomach," when some discomfort is experienced after eating.

A young lady student in the State University of Missouri has gained the first prize for Greek scholarship. Miss J. F. Ripley has the honor of being the first woman who has ever surpassed the young men in such a contest.

The average weight of the human heart is eight and a half ounces. Its work in a day is equal to raising one hundred and twenty-four tons one foot high.